

The Brooklyn Jewish Center Review

ANOTHER MRS. ROOSEVELT
QUESTION BOX

THE CHANGING EAST SIDE

BY HAROLD BERMAN

WEIZMANN'S BITTER
COMPLAINT

By JOSEPH GOLDBERG

THE SNAKE IN EDEN

By SYLVETTE DE LAMAR

NEW BOOKS

Reviewed by MRS. MORTON KLINGHOFFER
DR. ISRAEL H. LEVINthal and
RABBI MORDECAI H. LEWITTES

JEWISH EVENTS REVIEWED

By LESTER LYONS

NOVEMBER

1941

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BROOKLYN JEWISH CENTER REVIEW

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No. 12

WEIZMANN'S BITTER COMPLAINT

IT must have been a woefully disillusioned Dr. Weizmann who brought himself to the point of declaring openly in a recent address dealing with a Jewish army in Palestine that his patience has been exhausted and that the England of Churchill, like the England of Chamberlain, represents one long chain of unfulfilled promises, obstructions and disappointments.

In this address, to the London conference of Zionists, he reviewed the progress of the negotiations conducted by the Jewish Agency. He accused the Churchill government of vacillation and lack of a definite stand. It said yes and no in the same breath, never expressing a definite opposition to the plan, but continually promising that today, tomorrow or the next month the Jewish army would become a reality.

The negotiations go back to the period immediately preceding the present war, when, on the 29th of August 1939, Dr. Weizmann offered co-operation to the then Prime Minister Chamberlain. In December of that year the Jewish Agency suggested that England mobilize a Jewish Army in which Jews would serve as Jews, under a Jewish flag, side by side with the army of Great Britain.

No progress was made under the regime of Chamberlain and Malcolm MacDonald.

The offer was renewed when the Churchill government came into power. In September, 1940, the offer was accepted and all details to put the plan into operation were worked out. In March, 1941, the Colonial Secretary informed the Jewish Agency that because of lack of equipment the project would have to be deferred for a period of six months, giving at the same time assurances that the government had not departed from its previous favorable attitude. Again on October 15th the Colonial Office found the excuse of "technical difficulties" to

suggest postponement for another three months. Finally, the Colonial Secretary repudiated the promise of September, 1940, and the renewed assurances given in 1941. Thus came to an end the series of negotiations and Dr. Weizmann was led to declare in his address that Jews were being punished for their loyalty to the Allied cause and denied the right, possessed by every nation—the right to a name and to its own flag.

Those who followed the career of Dr. Chaim Weizmann as the world Zionist leader will realize how painful must have been his task when he betook himself to criticize as severely as he did the very British Government he always took so much care to defend. Super British patriot that he is, he never permitted himself to share the strong protests often made by other Zionist leaders against the

attempts of the various governments of Great Britain to stifle the development of the Jewish National Homeland in Palestine. He always believed in justice at the hands of England, and when confronted by one rebuff after another he somehow found reason to be hopeful that the sacred promises held by Zionists would be fulfilled and that Great Britain would not let them down. It was this policy of moderation that alienated a large body of the more militant Zionists, and led Jabotinsky and his followers to form the new Zionist Organization as an opposition to the main body of Zionists.

It is significant that despite these setbacks Weizmann remains hopeful, counseling the Jewish youth of Palestine to join the British army in ever increasing numbers and to work and fight, even if nameless, in the great struggle against Hitlerism.

—J. G.

A GREAT WOMAN VISITS THE CENTER

IT is seldom given to one institution to be able to present, within but a short space of six weeks, two such outstanding lecture personalities as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Miss Dorothy Thompson. The former opened the forum season on October 20th in the presence of the largest audience that ever greeted a speaker at the Center; the latter will speak on December 1st. Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Thompson are regarded as the greatest American women of our generation.

Miss Thompson, like Mrs. Roosevelt, is not a newcomer to the Center forum. She, too, has addressed our audiences on previous occasions.

Her first appearance was in December 1929, when we billed her as "Mrs. Sinclair Lewis." She had married the winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in March of the pre-

vious year. Her topic, oddly enough, was "Love and Life in Soviet Russia." The name "Dorothy Thompson" was then comparatively unknown and little did we realize that that name and not "Mrs. Sinclair Lewis" would within a few years, become so celebrated.

She spoke again in February 1932. She had been scheduled to lecture on the preceding Monday evening, but that afternoon we received a telephone call from Sinclair Lewis. "Miss Thompson is ill," said Mr. Lewis. "Would it be agreeable to you if I took her place this evening?" "Would it!" we felt like exclaiming. For years the Forum Committee had made numerous unsuccessful attempts to have Mr. Lewis address the Center, and here he was offering himself as a substitute! There was one regret, how-

Continued on page 23

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES—

“בינינו לבין עצמנו”

An Intimate Chat Between Rabbi and Reader

I RECENTLY received a letter from a young man of our community now in the United States Army. He is stationed in one of the southern camps, and was, when his letter was written, on maneuvers in North Carolina. I reprint below the letter as written, without any change or correction, but omitting the name of the sender. It made a deep impression upon me because it revealed an appreciation of an old Jewish trait, which, alas, is fast disappearing, particularly among the residents of the big cities. The letter follows:

“Dear Rev. Levinthal—

“As a former enthusiastic attender of your Friday night services before inducted into the army, I am writing to you to tell of how Jewish fraternity and brotherhood is as true as real southern hospitality.

“We have been in the Carolinas for a month, mainly as you probably know, for the maneuvers. Being out in the fields, sleeping on the damp ground, eating irregular meals we naturally look forward to a week-end that would allow us to recuperate and make up for these lack of necessities. The United Service Organizations have done a truly fine job for the soldiers down here. The townfolks communities and society have turned out everything they could have in order to insure recreation, amusements, facilities and joy for the boys. The Jewish people in each town gathered under one council, greeted the men as they arrived, took them to their homes, treated them as their own sons and fed them with the best food available, to say nothing of giving these Jewish soldiers room and bed to sleep for the short day allowed on leave from camp.

“These things have been deeply impressed on me. These people were *wanting* to go out of their way to give all they could to help. As I was one of them, I thought—what was wrong with the northern folk? Look at Washington, D. C.—the U. S. O. has merely started there; New York City—I don’t believe any arrangements are fully developed, but then why

should such a condition exist? In a city of millions there are probably many outside soldiers who cannot make good connections.

“These men really appreciate the things that have been done for them down here.

“I am writing to you because I know you are deeply concerned with the Jewish cooperation throughout the world. Well, for my part, they are, and will always be the greatest religious race in the world.

“But the north and the south are as different as night and day. True hospitality is really only prevalent in ‘Southern Hospitality.’ The northern folks may be superior in industry, intelligence, education, social life, science and other obvious conceivable advancements, but the south has the latter beaten as far as fraternity, brotherhood and love.”

Now it is true that the south is noted for its hospitality, and the Jews living in the south are no different in this respect from the other southerners. But if one reads between the lines of this letter, one can easily see that the Jews in the south are exhibiting something more than the usual Southern Hospitality. They still cherish and practise that old Jewish ideal of *Hachnosas Orchim* which makes the stranger feel at home in your midst, that makes him feel that he is regarded not as a stranger but as a brother, a welcome kinsman.

The north, it is true, does not possess the same hospitable attitude that is found in the south. But we Jews have a tradition of hospitality for, and welcome to, the stranger which is part of the essence of our religious teaching; a tradition which began with father Abraham at the very dawn of our history.

In the army camps in and near New York there are undoubtedly hundreds of Jewish lads who came from far-away communities. True, New York offers them many diversions. And yet, I often wonder if there are not many who yearn for a friendly handshake, for an intimate evening at a friendly home. I wonder if in all

these camps there are even a handful who could write to their Rabbis or folks at home as this young man has written to me.

It is something to which we should give much more thought than we have to date.

Israel H. Levinthal

TO A JEWISH FRIEND

By Dorothy Thompson

MY Dear Friend: I could find no words when we spoke on the telephone this morning. Should I merely add one more expression of revulsion, disgust, and grief? And would you listen to it, in any case, through all the bitterness that you feel? I hear in my ears your cry, “What will become of my child if this goes on?”

You and I belong to one civilization. We have read the same books, admired the same minds, believed in the same virtues, and practised them accordingly to our limitations. We both love freedom, and we both love peace.

It is perhaps hard for you to believe that the same cry that you uttered was in my heart, too. “What will become of my child!” You fear that this mob-madness will spread and I share your fear. The example is attractive for those who seek a scapegoat for their own personal, national and social frustrations. But, if it does, what will become of my child, as well as yours?

Would you prefer your child to be brought up to be a persecutor to being brought up to be persecuted? Would you like him to be taught to burn, and beat, and steal? Would you like him to preen himself on his fair hair as sufficient justification for his existence and his actions? Would you like him to be trained in prejudice and brutality and violence? You would not; and as you seek to protect your child, so I seek to protect mine, and we are, as we always were, on the same side, standing for the same things.

My passion, like yours, is for those few principles of civilization that have lifted people through the ages to the precarious dignity which gives them the right to call themselves “human.”

From *Herald-Tribune*, Nov. 14, 1938

ANOTHER MRS. ROOSEVELT QUESTION BOX

THE following is a summary of the replies that Mrs. Roosevelt gave to questions that were asked her at the conclusion of her lecture in the Brooklyn Jewish Center on October 20. Naturally, the replies, as well as the questions, were impromptu.

Question: "In an address Senator Wheeler said that there was an anti-Semitic trend in this country as a result of our defense policy. Have you found this to be so?"

Mrs. Roosevelt replied that she did not believe there was such a trend because of the defense policy. She said that this allegation was one of the things that German propaganda tries to make the American public believe. She recalled that she had recently received a transcript of a German broadcast of one of her statements in which she was made to say that "my husband and I were willing to drag the country (America) into the war at behest of the Jewish people. Mrs. Roosevelt commented: "That, of course, is utterly ridiculous and untrue. But such is German propaganda."

Question: "There is a difference of opinion as to whether the United States can be invaded by military forces, but there can be little doubt that the United States can suffer economic strangulation if Hitler wins the war. Why do not administration leaders emphasize this point?"

Mrs. Roosevelt pointed out that the President had drawn attention to this danger a good many times, and that "I don't know any more ways of trying to get this point across than the administration has already tried." She went on to say: "It is perfectly obvious that economic strangulation of the United States could result the minute Hitler (after victory) decided he wanted to have it result. If Hitler controls the seas, or traffic on the seas, our trade would have to be governed by what Hitler would be willing to have us do. On the question of the possibilities of a military invasion of the United States—there are certain things I believe people are very stupid about. You don't have to land an army in this country to make it awfully uncomfortable for our people. No army has landed in England."

Question: "Does our press furnish too much news that is likely to prove valuable to the Axis powers?"

Mrs. Roosevelt's answer was that we cannot have censorship of the press or of the radio in peace-time, but that "I doubt if anything that is really important gets out." She added: "I regret to tell you that there are many people in this country who send information in other ways."

Question: "What do you suggest as an equitable peace after the war to avoid a third world conflict?"

"In the Four Freedoms that the President enunciated in his message to Congress," Mrs. Roosevelt replied. "he said there was a freedom which we must ask for all the peoples of the world, the freedom from fear through reduction of armaments. As to how we should do this, one of the difficulties is that no one today knows what kind of government one will be dealing with at the end of this world situation. You are going into a period which is unknown, and that is one reason why I think we should lay so much stress on what we build within ourselves today. We don't know just what we will have to deal with. I feel sure that the willingness to establish an economic order that will make it possible for all people to have access to raw materials is the basis of any peace which is going to last."

Question: "I have been reading your question and answer page in the *Ladies Home Journal*, and am anxious to know if these questions are answered by you, personally."

Mrs. Roosevelt assured her questioner in very positive terms that no one wrote the material for her. No "ghost writer" ever prepared anything that she signed.

Question: "Do you believe that conscription will be continued after the present emergency is over?"

The answer to this Mrs. Roosevelt did not know. Her own opinion was that "a year's service would be a continuing thing," but that the law should be changed so that a boy's induction into the army would come at the conclusion of his academic education. "However," she said, "I have no knowledge of this at all. You know as much about it as I do."

Question: "Why don't the British

create a diversion by opening a new front in the war?"

"For the very good reason," Mrs. Roosevelt replied, "that it would be very bad to create a diversion front and get beaten. Unless you are sure that you can control all the air, you are not going to try anything which may result in defeat. Probably the British are hoping that we will provide a good deal more in the way of materials before they feel that they can organize and carry through a real invasion. It is not such an easy thing to do, as those who were at Dunkirk well know. If you have been reading what de Gaulle says about the defeat of the French army you know very well what happened to them. It would be very unwise to do a thing which you weren't very sure could go through. And I imagine that is the reason for the failure to open a diversion front."

PALESTINE NOTES

A NEW agricultural settlement, named in honor of the late Hebrew poet, Chaim N. Bialik, has been established in Palestine. . . . The Palestine Industrial Exhibition, which recently opened in Cairo, featured the products and achievements of more than 360 firms and public institutions in Palestine. The exhibition was hailed by Egyptian leaders as a striking demonstration of the industrial capacity of Palestine and especially of Jewish accomplishments in that country. . . . The farming settlements in Palestine have a serious shortage of labor. The cooperative colonies recently called for 5200 additional laborers to complete essential agricultural works—the Palestine Symphony Orchestra, composed chiefly of refugees from Europe who were once members of the best orchestras there, has begun its annual tour in Egypt.

The Hebrew University in Palestine has been hailed by Dr. James G. McDonald, chairman of the President's advisory Committee for Refugees, as one of the major constructive and unifying forces in Jewish life. He said that this university is the "great rallying center of the Jewish people of all sorts of ideologies, religious, economic, political, philosophical."

—LESTER LYONS

THE CHANGING EAST SIDE

By HAROLD BERMAN



The illustrations reproduced on these pages were drawn by the great sculptor, Jacob Epstein, when he was about twenty, and had planned to devote his career to portraying Jewish types on the East Side, where he lived. They were drawn originally for Hutchins Hapgood's now classic book, "The Spirit of the Ghetto," published by Funk & Wagnalls in 1902.

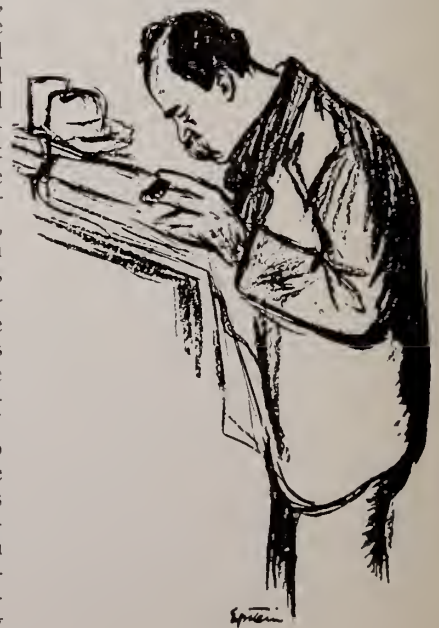
The illustration at the left is titled "Going to the Synagogue." The portrait below is of Moshe Katz, then literary editor of "The Daily Forward."

FORTY years ago Jacob Epstein drew a striking group of figures to symbolize "the spirit of the Ghetto" in the New World. This group represented a tall, black-bearded Jew in shirt sleeves and skull cap standing beside a sewing machine looking over towards a row of frowning and gaunt tenements. If this drawing correctly epitomized the life of the Jew in the biggest—I will not say the greatest—Jewish community in the world at that time, the newly-planted, mushroom-grown ghetto founded by the East European Jews in the American Metropolis towards the end of the nineteenth century and the early decades of the twentieth, it would be totally misrepresentative of it at the present day. The Jewish New Yorker, with a few exceptions, no longer lives on the East Side; he no longer lives in the dilapidated rookeries, and he no longer draws his chief sustenance from the sewing machine. Together with the tenement and the sweat shop there also has passed into history "the roof," which in the good old summer months

served as the communal bedroom, as the club-house for the discussion and the solving of the world's problems, as a trysting-place for the young, where the courtships, begun over the sewing machine or the pressing board or at the one cent soda-water stand on the corner, were continued and brought to a happy consummation under the romantic and indulgent light of the moon and the stars, and before the slyly-averted glances of the elder folks. Into limbo have passed, also, the small, sparsely furnished clubs in which the fate of the world was gravely decided by grimy and toil-worn men and women towards the midnight hour: the many little cafes at whose creaky tables and on whose hard-backed chairs all the social, political, and economic philosophies of all ages, from the days of Plato to Bakunin, were expounded. And gone also are the famous theatre galleries ("galiorkies," in the common Yiddish-American parlance of the day), with their widely-applauding, to-the-death-fighting "patriots"; the dragoon-legged, cape-coated, silk-hat sporting

Matinee Idols; the 300 pound little soubrettes, and the grandmotherly chorus-girls, who, poor things, had to rock their squalling little grandchildren to sleep before they could come to the theatre. Gone are all these signs of an early unsophisticated age, of an economic poverty, and a mental and ecstatic primitivism. But gone, too, is a charming, if crude, idyl, a period in our life and a milestone on our path that was marked by roseate, if naive, dreams—and there is no dream, said the Sages, without its quota of foolishness. Even the best of them.

The Ghetto of those early days dreamt, and its dreams embraced the world, the world already created, and the worlds yet to be created; the Utopias yet to be built by none other than these hard-toiling and poverty-stricken tenement dwellers. The physical boundaries of their cosmos were marked off by the East River, the Bowery and Fourteenth Street, but the boundaries of their dream-world were practically limitless. It was an Einstein universe drawn along spiritual lines, and, needless to say, its streets were all lined with gold, its towers and battlements were of a sapphire and ruby, while its gates were of malachite, topaz and onyx. And, of course, neither the cry of the down-



trodden and the oppressed, nor the triumphal shout and the crack of the whip of the oppressor, would ever be heard there. No, sir! It was to be a world in which there would be no "boss" and no foreman, no landlord and no policeman, no pot-bellied capitalist with the dollar marks etched all over him; no dreary tenements, and no stuffy sweat-shops, with their heaps of coats and ladies' jackets; no poverty and no riches, no lash and no bleeding backs, and the emblem was to be a hovering dove of peace, with its innocent white wings spread in gentle flight, and bearing an olive branch in its bill.

Yes, the East Side of that day dreamt, dreamt intensely and abstractly in the midst of its physical wretchedness. While the few practical souls dreamt dreams of personal aggrandizement, of wealth, of a home "uptown," and perhaps a luxurious coach and two sleek horses to draw it, the greater majority of its inhabitants entertained Messianic dreams for the entire human race, or at least for the Jewish race.

The East Side of those days toiled and starved, suffocated in its sweat-shops and tenements and its filth-laden lanes, but all the while it hugged its precious dreams to its bruised and ragged heart. The elder, Yiddish speaking folks, rushed to the little cafes, to the dark, back-room meeting halls, to discuss socialism and anarchism and to find the ways and means for bringing quick salvation to an ailing world, while the younger folks hurried to the Educational Alliance on East Broadway and to the University Settlement on Eldridge Street, both of which institutions bustled with life and activity, with lectures, classes, meetings, and discussion groups. What hives of intellectual activity were these two buildings in those days! Books could be written on them and their contribution towards the Americanization, the awakening of the dormant abilities, and the shaping of the intellectual beings, as well as the careers, of an entire generation of Jewish-American immigrant children! By the power of that talisman that generation was saved from going under, from being swept away by the treacherous currents seething about it in these early and brutal days in its new home.

The Jewish population of New York, in 1880, according to a trustworthy census, amounted to about

60,000, mostly concentrated in the lower east-side. In 1888, or a few years after the beginning of the large-scale emigration from Russia following on the enactment of the "temporary" May Laws, and on the bloody outbreaks against the Jews in numerous cities of the Pale, it reached a total of 125,000. But three years later it already mounted to 225,000, and in 1897 to a round quarter of a million. By 1912 it reached the enormous total of 1,500,000, while at the present day it is estimated to be two and a quarter million.

But while the present Jewish population of the city is spread through the five boroughs of the greater city, with the Bronx alone accounting for fully three quarters of a million of it — some say a full million — in the early days of the great Jewish incursion practically all of them settled on the lower East Side, and stayed there until they died or grew too prosperous for that humble neighborhood. In 1892, for example, we find that of the approximately 225,000 Jews living in that city, 130,000 lived in the section bounded on the west by the Bowery, on the north by Fourteenth Street and on the east by the East River. About 50,000 lived within a narrow radius outside of these limits, while 40,000 more were scattered about the other parts of the city. The Bronx was still a wilderness of wide-stretching farm lands. The first subway lines, covering only a limited area of Manhattan's West Side, was not opened until 1904, and by that time there were almost one million Jews (three quarters of a million, according to the most conservative estimates) in the greater city.

At the present time, however, the formerly exclusively Jewish East Side is approximately divided as follows: the western parts of Madison, Monroe and Henry Streets are populated by Greeks; the eastern part of Monroe and the entire Cherry Street settled by Italians; Division Street, famed for its millinery shops and female "pullers-in," or barkers (Amazons who would pounce upon every woman who passed by, grip her arm and drag her into their shops and forcibly block her egress until she bought an "\$18" hat for any sum ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50, and was badly "stuck" in either case) now is a colony for saffron-faced Chinese and their plump, little baby-looking wives and orange-blossom babies. The easterly part of

the street, has a mixture of Poles and Ukrainians, a few Jews, and a few poverty-stricken Negroes.

As one strolls along the arid patch of treeless and grassless land bound by Canal Street on the one side and that famous mart of cast-off rags and



over-ripe fruits and vegetables called Hester Street on the other—the patch named "Seward Park," nicknamed "Sewer Park" by the wags, and just plain "Hester Park" to the elderly Jews and Jewesses of the neighborhood — one sees elderly Jews and Negroes of all ages sitting alongside of each other on the hard benches, the one, perhaps reading a *Jewish Morning Journal*, the other looking at the pictures in the *News* or *Mirror*.

We now find on the East Side quite a few tiny Negro churches, in the unlikely places, such as a vacant store, an odd corner of a warehouse, or a tenement apartment—almost like the early top floor or back-of-the-saloon congregations established by the early Jewish immigrants.

As a result of this new promiscuity of strange races, one sometimes finds one of these little Negro churches planted next to a Hassidic synagogue, so that if services are held in both prayer houses at the same time the ecstasies and contortions of both are in-

extricably mixed, both praying noisily and demonstratively.

Further north, in Allen, Eldridge, Forsythe, and Chrystie Streets, all the way to Houston Street, the population is predominantly Italian. Twenty years ago this neighborhood was almost as exclusively Jewish as *Berdichev*. Parts of these streets, though, together with some of those that cross them from east to west, are occupied by Syrians, Arabs, Turks and Greeks, together with a sprinkling of Turkish and Arabic North African Jews. Jews of the New Greek provinces — Turkish provinces formerly, also abound here. They all look alike to the outsider, but it does not take very much insight to detect their various origins. Here they all live their prosaic and impoverished lives, having appropriated most of the earlier Russo-Jewish occupations, together with their abandoned tenements, which have become even more rickety and more ill-smelling with age.

Norfolk, Suffolk and Clinton Streets constitute a "Little Poland," though a Jewish minority still is preserved here, even as there is a Jewish minority in the Big Poland overseas. There are not a few Jewish grocers and delicatessen men who specialize in the kind of foods particularly dear to the palate of the Polish laborer; thick, greasy sausages, cart-wheels of black, sour bread, tubs of sauerkraut and big chunks of half-smoked pork. The Poles have, ironically enough, conquered a place for themselves right alongside of the *Beth Hamedrash Hagadol*, the oldest and most venerable East-European Orthodox Jewish congregation in the New World.

The part further north, roughly from First Street to Fourteenth St., and from First Avenue to Avenue D (with the sole exception of Second Avenue, which is the Jewish Broadway and Clubland combined) is populated mainly by the countrymen of Chmelnitzky, Makhno, and all the other Ukrainian leaders who have written their names in letters of blood on the pages of the Russian Jews' history.

But, wonders of wonders! Of all the many communities of the East Side, there is just one that has resisted invasion or contamination, call it by whichever term you will. And that is the Galician section spread over Sheriff, Ridge, Pitt and Goerck Streets, and their tributary streets

Truth and strength distinguishes this early work of Epstein's, rather than technical expertness. Often the drawings — there are fifty of them in "The Spirit of the Ghetto," — are awkward, even amateurish.

The illustration on this page is a realistic drawing of a scene in a tenement, the mother cooking breakfast, the son winding his philacteries. The original title is "The Morning Prayer."



and alleys. That neighborhood still is practically "Gentile free," just as it was twenty or thirty years ago—always with the exception of a Gentile janitor, and the inevitable "*Shabbos Goy*," of course.

This is the sole remaining fortress of unadulterated Jewish orthodox, or ultra-orthodoxy, of a once formidable kingdom. Here one finds an abundance of longcoated and side-locked Jews and bewigged, stout Jewesses, miracle working Rebbees in their silken *kaftans*, who accept "quiltach" (written petitions) and, for a fee, will undertake to provide you either with a male heir or the great prize in the lottery, according to your desires or momentary need. Here the streets swarm with "saints" and their shrewd "*gabba'im*" (managers), "*shtiblach*" (one-roomed houses of prayer) in which God is worshipped with much ecstasy.

This is "Little Galicia," and such is its power that it alone of the entire Jewish East Side has succeeded in withstanding the *goyish* onslaughts and remained true to its colors: to its mediaevalism and to its own particular brand of superstitions.

Of course, the once-so-famous Educational Alliance still rears its somewhat dwarfed and abashed head in

the midst of all these tawdry changes. So does the University Settlement, for that matter. But these institutions that once on a time formed the heart of the Jewish social and cultural life in the new home-land, particularly the former, have since passed the zenith of their useful, if much criticized careers. The growing Jews and Jewesses of the present generation no longer live in the neighborhood. They enjoy the greatly enhanced facilities for education, entertainment, and sports that have come with the dawn of greater prosperity and the newer ideas, while these institutions, hallowed by their fathers and elder brothers, now cater to as heterogeneous a conglomeration of nations, races and groups as is to be found nowhere else on the face of the earth.

ONE of the first contributions to the United Jewish Appeal in Natchez, Miss., was made by the local Knights of Columbus. Without any solicitation by the Jews, the Knights of Columbus held a special benefit party and turned over the receipts to the Rabbi of the town, who was local treasurer of the United Jewish Appeal. The Jews number about 100 in the town of 15,000 persons.

WHEN I arrived Eden in Mallorca was taking its siesta. The mountains were screened in a vague mauve mist. Against their stony feet, polished like jewels, the Mediterranean pulsed drowsily. One thin cloud crossed the sky line, a cicatrice on a blue porcelain vase. The leaves on the olive trees, a thousand or more years old, were motionless, and the birds perched upon their branches, silent. Even the bees impelled by their immemorial instinct to pillage the pollen of flowers had somehow forgotten to buzz their triumph. Only one lone cat attracted by something I could not fathom, except perhaps, that I belonged to her sex, followed me loyally and purred as I patted her. We became chums. But tired of my meandering she went her own way.

Stealthily then, like the feline, I trod the fragrant soil of Paradise fearful of awakening it. "I must go in search of the angels," I told myself, "now that I'm here." And the first one to meet me was a young peasant mounted on a burro.

"Buenas, señorita!" he greeted, disclosing his pink gums in a most effusive smile, and doffing a dust-encrusted sombrero.

"Buenas," I answered almost as effusively, bowing a little.

"Hace calor!"

"Si, mucho." I fanned my face with my handkerchief.

He was about to urge his reluctant donkey forward when I pointed to an old edifice dignified in its dilapidation. "What is that?" I asked.

"That's the Castle of Belver, señorita," and anxious to show off his knowledge, he continued to enlighten me in his mellifluous Mallorcan language, a mixture of Spanish, French, Italian and whatnot.

"It's a very old building, señorita. All the foreigners visit it."

"Does any one inhabit it now?"

"Ah, no, señorita, that was the place where they used to burn the judios—"

"Do they still burn them?" I asked naively.

He smiled with that enigmatic, wise smile, characteristic of an old race. "It's hundreds of years ago!"

My mind reverted to history—to the most Christian of Queens, Isabella, who drove the Moors out of Spain and showed her love for Jesus by tormenting the children of Israel ob-

*They Had Escaped Into Apostasy But
Even After Centuries They Could
Not Escape Persecution*

THE SNAKE IN EDEN

By SYLVETTE De LAMAR

stinately clinging to the faith of their ancestors.

"Buenas," my affable informant proffered, and with a flourish of his hat, and with an "Arri! Arri!" to his burro, he disappeared, leaving behind him a wave of dust mingling with the odor of almond blossoms and with the stifling smoke of his cheap cigarette.

I coughed a little and continued my walk, happy that the centuries had passed and hatred had vanished from this glorious spot, surnamed most appropriately, Isla Dorada—the Golden Island, first discovered, according to folk-lore, by Homer before he became blind.

A bevy of children acclaimed me. "Buenas! Buenas!"

"Buenas," I returned the welcome and called them over to reward them with a few candies which I carried with me.

"Go away, you Chueta!" several of the children shouted to one of their companions, a little girl, thin, and wizened.

The child did not defend herself. She pressed her fists into her eyes and walked away, head bent. Her stoop and her timidity reminded me of something which I could not name but which cut into my heart.

"Chueta! Chueta!" the children persisted in their taunt, throwing pebbles.

"Why did you chase her away? It isn't nice," I admonished.

"She's a Chueta," they answered in a chorus.

"What is that?"

Too reticent to engage in conversation, they lowered their heads and blushed, then like a flock of sparrows flew in all directions. I called after the abused little girl but she was too abashed to come, and ran away.

THE Cathedral Square, deserted when I passed an hour ago, was now swarming with people. The tables in front of the coffee-houses were already occupied with consumers of horchata, the national drink.

Peasants, merchants, women carrying their shops upon their heads, soldiers, priests, monks and nuns—Eden was awake once more!

I walked at random. Whichever way my eyes turned beauty poured into them. At every angle now, unforeseen contours of the mountains, and the Mediterranean, like mother-of-pearl, changing hues. And always the breeze, warm and soothing, wafting the perfume of oranges and lemons in bloom, and everywhere the cherries and pomegranates vying in their glitter, and the olive trees contorted into tragic, grotesque postures.

Unexpectedly I caught myself worming through crowds of people in a narrow alley where jewelry shops and butcher shops elbowed one another. This was a new world. The reserve and pride of the Spaniards seemed to have vanished and instead I was confronted with a noisy, argumentative and restless population. Who were these people whose lineaments, gestures, mannerisms recalled the inhabitants of the East Side of New York? Jews? They all spoke Mallorcan, and the names on the windows and signs appeared pure Spanish. Besides, were there any Jews in Spain? I was told that in the large cities, in Barcelona mainly, there were a few families, chiefly from Turkey. In Mallorca, however, there weren't any at all. I was mistaken then.

I passed by an ugly building, and though ancient, it was not yet finished. This I learned was characteristic of the Spaniards. I had seen this phenomenon before: niches without saints, doors only half carved, fountains without spouts. I entered the place. The same people whom I had suspected as children of a long lost tribe knelt in front of gilded altars surmounted by Madonnas and Christs. A priest whose voice and gestures resembled much more that of a rabbi than a Roman cleric, intoned a prayer. This church intrigued me more than the

resplendent Cathedral in the Capital of the island. The services were almost the same, and yet there was a difference.

"Señorita Mayol," I asked one of the loveliest women and poetess whose acquaintance I made shortly after my arrival. "I am very much intrigued—I should like an explanation."

Maria Mayol smiled gently, placed her small, soft hand upon mine and said in an impeccable Castilian, "Su servidora, señorita. My ignorance is at your disposal."

We exchanged a few typically Spanish compliments, in which she emerged as the most luminous personality of modern Spain and I found myself as one of the foremost writers of America. We both laughed at our innocent exaggerations but nonetheless felt happy in our illusion. Finally I attacked the question that so interested me.

"I have passed a few times one of your streets in which I noticed that a large number of people do not seem to be Mallorcan — their faces, their speech, their gestures have something—what shall I call it—more oriental? Their church too, and their priest have an alien air. Who are they?"

Maria Mayol answered: "They are Chuetas."

"Ah, yes, Chueta — that word, I have heard it a few times now. What does it mean?"

"Chueta, señorita mia, is a derogatory name given to those people you asked me about. The Chuetas are the descendants of the Jews who accepted Christianity during the Inquisition."

"Oh," I exclaimed. "So that's what they are. I thought—"

She continued: "They are as devout Catholics as any on the island, or anywhere, I imagine, but nevertheless—"

Her intelligent face assumed a pained expression.

"Nevertheless," she went on, "they have been hounded and persecuted all these centuries. Es una vergüenza — it's a shame! But even today, they are practically forced to live in those alleys you have seen which once formed a ghetto. They are not allowed to intermarry with any of us—not legally, of course, you understand, but traditionally, and because of this they have retained and even emphasized

their Hebraic features and mannerisms. They are our butchers and jewelers, excellent jewelers, by the way, as you must have noticed."

"Yes, I noticed that intricate filigree work."

"They have their churches and priests, but they cannot become monks or nuns, however pious they may be. The priest you saw in their church, Don Pablo, is one of the greatest scholars of the age, and a really holy man. Yet he will never become a bishop, for example. He cannot aspire to anything higher than what he has already achieved."

She continued to recount the tragedy of the Chuetas, so typical of the tragedy of the Jews—the mockery, the disdain, the epithets, the insinuations, the social ostracism.

"But these people are not Jews?" I wondered.

"No—"

"And do not practise Judaism under cover—"

"Indeed not. They'd consider themselves much maligned if you insinuated that they were Jews, or ever had been. But everybody hates them. Naturally, the ignorant more than the others."

"And they are all butchers and jewelers?"

"There are exceptions among them. Members of the Fortezza family, for instance, have given the island great poets, musicians, essayists. One of them, Pomar-Fortezza, who lives with his charming daughter in that vast, beautiful castle yonder—"

"Yes, I have admired those turrets since I came here. In the setting sun those spirals seem to burn like candles."

"Yes, they are beautiful. Well, señor Fortezza is an incomparable scholar and philosopher, cousin to Don Pablo, the priest, and second cousin to Don Estaban, the chemist and scientist, whose laboratory you passed when you came by those orange groves. His father was quite a philanthropist and devoted his whole life in healing and helping his persecutors."

"And can nothing be done to alleviate their condition, señorita?"

"We're constantly trying to—that is, we men and women of letters. And the result is not too discouraging. You understand, the Chuetas aren't burnt at the stake any longer, thank the Lord. They're allowed to attend our

schools and universities; to go and come where they please, but socially they're still barred. Es la vida," she shrugged with that resignation typical of the Spaniards. "For all the teachings of Christ, hate still remains a powerful passion with some."

"So it seems. When I came to Mallorca I was sure it was the Garden of Eden. Never have I seen such soft, unspoiled loveliness, such peace and harmony, but every Eden must obviously harbor its particular snakes—"

"Yes," she agreed sadly, "this one has been nourishing its special brand—"

"Hissing, Chueta, Chueta, Chueta," I added, and thought to myself that the snake was certainly a polyglot. He knew that word in every language, and in every language he made himself heard.

"But his venom is not as strong as it used to be," she assured me. "And as I said, we're steadily after him. I wager you a few years from now we shall have succeeded in killing him completely."

"I'll hold you to your word, señorita," I shook her affable hand.

"It's a promise," she smiled. "Por Dios! we're not living in the black ages anymore — this is the twentieth century—we're all brothers and sisters under the skin. We've got to go forward, not backward."

I sucked into me another drop of elation. At long last Christ's teachings would be practiced to the hilt by all those who had so shamefully neglected them all these centuries, I reasoned. Verily, this good earth would be made into another Paradise. Humanity would finally see eye to eye. They would all work for the same common goal: to make this world a better place to live in.

But alas! This hope was destined to be short-lived once more. Scarcely a month later the island's limpid sky became infested with giant beetles buzzing, roaring ominously overhead. They came in droves presaging such disaster as had never before been witnessed. Daily, nay, almost hourly, they increased, and the hands that hurled flaming steel struck into the heart of every Chueta and non-Chueta alike.

Nazi and Fascist planes came to dominate the peaceful island. They came to establish the supremacy of "the master race!" just as the Chuetas were about to be extricated from the bog which Queen Isabella had thrown them into.

TWO minutes earlier the corner of Hackett and Hart had been one of the most peaceful locations in town. The sun had sent its rays, warm and friendly, democratically, down upon all who chanced by. But that had been two minutes ago. Now the corner of Hackett and Hart was the scene of struggle and invective. A solicitous cloud, anxious to spare the sun the unpleasant spectacle, sailed across its face.

It all started in the most casual manner. A huge hulk of a fellow passed through the door of Vincent's Bar and Grill, on the corner of Hackett and Hart. A tallish, thinnish man, at that precise moment, arrived at this spot and was just about to turn into Hart Street when he brushed against the barely unsteady hulk of Vincent's erstwhile customer.

The latter glared furiously at the apologetic countenance of the smaller man. What he saw served only to increase his ire. "You're a Jew!" he sneered. "I got a good mind to paste you one for luck." His voice was thick and gargly.

The other met his eyes squarely. The nostrils of his slightly hooked nose quivered with suppressed resentment. He said nothing: the drunk was not very drunk and he looked powerful.

"You're a dirty Jew," the bellicose one persisted. "Why don't you go back where you came from instead of getting into the way of a good American?"

The thin man took a deep breath. "I'm a damned sight better American than you are. If you weren't drunk I'd — " He shrugged his narrow shoulders in a what's-the-use manner and attempted to go on his way.

"You'd what?" demanded the big fellow, planting himself firmly in the other's path. His huge paw folded menacingly into an ugly fist. "You Jews haven't the guts to fight. You're yellow, every last one. I dare you to fight. I'll hold one hand behind my back, and I bet you won't fight. Come on and fight." He came closer.

The man whose nose was slightly hooked took a backward step as his assailant threw one arm dramatically behind him. "I wouldn't soil my hands fighting with the likes of you," he said. There was no tremor in his voice. He moved aside in another attempt to leave the corner, but again his way was blocked.

By this time there were perhaps

half a dozen onlookers at the corner of Hackett and Hart. The burly ruffian, one eye cocked at his audience, declared in a voice more belligerent than ever, "I knew it. Never saw a Jew yet who would stand up like a man and fight." He thrust his clenched fist forward and struck his victim lightly in the chest. The latter staggered back, his face deeply flushed; he clenched his fist automatically. Wildly he lunged forward, only to be met once more by that hard right, this time squarely on his hooked nose.

A thin stream of blood trickled down to his lips. There was an uneasy murmur among the onlookers, but no one stepped forward to intervene. A woman said, "He ought to be locked up," and walked rapidly away.

The smaller man was now thoroughly enraged. He rushed the big fellow again, a muttered oath escaping his lips, but with what seemed scarcely an effort the drunk floored him. He lay sprawled in the dust for an instant, but only for an instant. Then he was on his feet again, his fists swinging wildly.

"Look out, kike, before I kill you," threatened his opponent. "You're hitting an American now."

"If you're an American I'm an admiral," the thin man said, spitting a clot of blood. A swift right caught him on the chin and he was down again. This time he did not rise at once.

The drunk looked about him for approval and smiled. "Damned Jews come over here and think they can run this country," he said. "That'll show 'em. We ought to run every last one of 'em out. Let 'em go back where they came from if they don't like it here."

There were no answering smiles in his audience. Two men walked sheepishly away. The thin man was slowly lifting his aching body from the ground. "Oh, so you want some more?" said the drunk. He made as though to punch his victim again, but

Regarding a Surprising Meeting On a Street Corner

THE TOLERANCE GUY

By MARTIN PANZER

his fist was stayed in midair by a strong "Hey, what goes on here?"

He turned and met the gaze of a man who was almost as big and broad as he was and who, moreover, was cold sober. The newcomer had just reached the corner and required two more steps to bring his hulking body within punching distance. In his eyes was a spark of indignation at the unequal contest which did not entirely banish the friendliness that naturally dwelt in them. His turned-up pug nose was tilted even more by the firm, straight set of his fine head on his thick neck.

The drunk smiled amiably, recognizing what seemed to him a kindred soul. "Just knocking a little sense into a snotty Jew-boy," he said thickly. "Wanna join the fun?"

The last trace of friendliness left the newcomer's eyes. "I thought it was a regular fight," he said. "Do you mean you're hitting a guy half your size just because he's a Jew?"

The small man seemed grateful for the new turn of affairs. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and attempted to stem the flow of blood from his nose.

"Do you know any better reason?" asked the ugly one. He turned his attention once more to the man with the hooked nose, who seemed now too dazed to attempt another withdrawal from the distasteful struggle. Before he could make a threatening move, however, there was a fleshy thud as the new arrival's fist landed on his bloated cheek. A murderous light entered his eyes. "Oh, a Jew-lover," he sneered. "One of these tolerance guys. Okay, if that's the way you want it, come on and fight. I'll take the two of you." He swung again at his victim and caught him in the chest, rocking his slender frame.

It was his last punch. Straight from his broad shoulder came the fist of the newcomer and square on the drunk's chin it landed. The latter fell suddenly to earth, saliva drooling down on his tie. An onlooker said,

Continued on page 23

NEW BOOKS

"Jacob" By Irving Fineman

Reviewed by Mrs. Morton Klinghoffer

IN the very beginning, on the very first page, Irving Fineman sets the tempo of the story, and brings "Jacob" right down to the present day, when he says to his son, Joseph, in language of our day, "You were born in the early morning of a rainy day in the autumn; on a Thursday. Since the week before, Rachel, your mother, had begun several times to labor; but each start had proved false.

"On Tuesday I was sent for to attend to a matter of business in a town some distance away. It would mean my being gone overnight and I was loath to leave Rachel and risk missing your coming.

"But you would be days yet, said the ones wise in such matters; and your mother, suffering patiently among them, said to me, smiling wanly, 'You know that Becky will not come so long as you wait for her'."

Mr. Fineman calls his book, an autobiographical novel, and it is despite its Biblical theme, very clearly that. Besides being the story of Jacob, his sons and his forebears, illustrative of the kinship of all generations bound by sanguinary ties, it is obviously a self-portrait in the sense that Jacob, addressing himself to his favorite son, Joseph, is, with little doubt, the author himself, unburdening his heart and mind to his own child. One envisions a picture of a small boy at his father's knee, saying, "Daddy, tell me stories about when you were a little boy at Grandma's. Did you, too, have fights with Uncle Esau?" And Daddy, in this book, is Jacob, the young father of "Joey," as the author affectionately calls him. Throughout the novel, one is conscious of the voice and the experiences of the writer, projected through the character of Jacob. Jacob is not the venerable patriarch from the pages of antiquity. He is the modern, sensible and erudite father, who, as he sermonizes to his son, looks backward and inward and forward with a keen analytical curiosity, explaining to him the events in his own life in an effort to make him (Joseph) understand his own past, and to shield him, if possible, from the perils of the future. He relates his conflicts with

God, with men and with the women he loved.

In his unforgettably human characterization of Jacob, in his struggle against his violent brother and all he embodied, in his relation to others,—his parents, his wives, his father-in-law, Fineman has presented the basic dilemma of man on this earth from ancient times, to the troubled, difficult present. This Jacob is no hero,—he is vibrant, alive; he is aspiring, but he wants self-satisfaction; he wants to get on in the world and he wants to help his fellow-man. He wants peace, but he makes trouble for himself. As ambitious son, as passionate lover, as mature husband and devoted father, he tells a frank story which is warmly human, timeless, occurring every day.

Though separated in time by several thousand years, the era of Jacob held problems hardly different from those of today, and the Esaus who sought to conquer their worlds by force have their counterparts in the Esaus of today. Humanity is divided into Jacobs and Esaus, the former striving for peace and the brotherhood of man, while the Esaus live by the sword. The book is abundantly punctuated with generalizations like, the "rugged Esaus," the "fearless Esaus," the "crude Esaus," and "Esau-virtues," the "Esaus, thinking of the venison they take in the hunt or the loot they win in battle," and the "Labans, thinking of the money they get in shrewd trading." Or, when he analyzes man and his different views, "Then you will see how men differ in their attitudes toward the forces of nature—the Esaus fighting for power, the Labans manipulating and exploiting them for profit, and the Jacobs, like lovers, wanting only to know, to possess, and to live happily with them."

Human emotions and strivings have not changed, and men of good will wrestle with their gods just as did Jacob before he met Esau on his return to Canaan. Cried he to his creator, in much the same way as does one who, in despair, seeks succor from his Maker, "Let me know you now, who and what are you? I know what you are not. You are not a lump of clay like Laban's gods — although in every clod of earth I have seen your wonders. Yet no plainer than Laban's

stupid idols do you speak to me now in my need. How then is a man to know if what he has done, or is doing, is good or evil—especially when it is for his self-preservation that he acts? And if he has once done wrong out of youthful ignorance or fear, can he ever repair what he has done, since the effects of a man's doing go on and on like the circles in water where a stone has been cast? And where does a man's responsibility for his behavior end, and where does Nature's end? Must we learn only from the consequences of our fumbling and irrevocable acts — after reward or punishment? How can I know how to approach my brother Esau? Who will tell me now with certainty whether my deception of him was an evil deed for which I must now suffer his just vengeance, or if my conflict with him has indeed been a struggle between what is for good and what is for evil in our world—a conflict in which I must surely triumph? And why, if my will to beneficent peace is good and his will to terrible warfare is evil—why must I find myself and mine in this dreadful dilemma, between the evil that is Laban's and the evil that is Esau's, in order that some good may ultimately come to mankind; while the Labans and the Esaus, unrestrained, ceaselessly cover the fair earth with their greedy and heartless oppression, their terrible violence and slaughter?" And so on, Jacob laments and beseeches the angel of God, until the dawn of day renews his hope and faith in the outcome of his spiritual struggle, and he receives the Lord's blessing. As ever, the "meek shall inherit the earth."

The characters are evaluated in terms of human courage or frailty. Jacob is endowed with profound wisdom, tolerance, and sound, applicable philosophy, yet at the same time he is least convincing as the father of his children. With the sons of Leah, he is too detached; with Rachel's, too sentimental. Rebecca, his mother, and Leah and Rachel, the two women he married, are sketched with a penetrating insight into the psychology of women, especially into the change marriage makes in a woman. With dry wit, Jacob expounds to his son the nature of man's love for a woman, and the influence women wield

in the lives of men. As he traces the family history of Sarah and Abraham, of Rebecca and Isaac, and of Rachel and Leah and himself, he comes to the conclusion that the power of women is declining. Unusually modern, too, is his detailed exposition of a child's physical and emotional development, as he describes the atmosphere in which Joseph grows.

The language and literary style of the book, not to minimize the abundance of learning and ancient lore found therein, are perfectly attuned to the subject-matter. The lyrical beauty of his lines is reminiscent of the music of the Psalms. Isaac, Jacob's father, was a poet, and often sang verses to his son, Jacob. Here is a paragraph in which he illustrates the relationship between the written word and human experiences. "It early appeared that, as I have said, I had all my father's love of language and I listened entranced to his poetry even before I understood it—just as you, my son, by the time you were two years old, had learned to repeat with astonishing accuracy many songs and verses although their words still meant nothing to you. And you in time will have learned the meaning of those lines you sang and spoke so sweetly just as, in the midst of living experience, I have recalled with sudden understanding the poetry I learned from my father in childhood. So, too, much of what you read here now, my son, may seem to you insignificant until in the light of your own experience it will become comprehensible. Then why, you may well ask, if only life teaches, why write and speak what becomes comprehensible only in the light of living experience? And to this I must reply that men are not apt to learn from life which is too fleeting and various to be apprehended except in taking thought with the help of words. Therefore we speak to each other, we cry, listen! We tell tales, sing songs, write verses . . ." Jacob repeats many beautiful quotations from the book of Psalms as well as verses that sound like the reverent, dulcet music of a distant organ.

To all who know their Bible the story of Jacob is a familiar one. Weaker in stature and brawn than his powerful brother Esau, Jacob nevertheless triumphed over him, securing, with the aid of his mother, Rebecca, his birthright and his father's bless-

ing. It was she who aided and abetted him in deceiving his blind father, Isaac, who, touching the goat skin which covered Jacob's neck and arms to simulate Esau's hairy, rough skin, said: "The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hand of Esau." Esau, she felt, could shift for himself, but the more gently made, poetically inclined younger son needed what assistance she could give him. The bitter fruit of her helpfulness was the loss of her favorite son, for to shield him from the awakened anger of his brother, Esau, she sent him from her home in Canaan to the home of her kin in Haran. She never saw Jacob again, for she died before his return to the land of his birth.

In Haran, Jacob, an ambitious youth, pure and ardent, saw Rachel, and, desiring her, agreed to labor for Laban for seven years. When his period of service was over, Laban deceived him, and gave him instead, Leah, his elder daughter, who lacked both charm and beauty. But to Laban, as a father, the deceit was justified. Jestingly, he explained to his son-in-law that it mattered little whom a man married, since no man remains in love with the woman he weds, and as the years pass he discovered he has married two or three women. But when, after seven more years, he had married Rachel, whom he had loved and of whom he dreamed, he realized that time, with its changes, proved Laban's theory true. Rachel had changed and had become the head of a household and a mother, more than a little neglecting the lover of her youth for the duties of motherhood and the satisfactions of growing influence and power.

When he returns to Canaan to build a nation of men who respect each other's rights, Jacob is an adult who realizes that, however much men may differ, essentially they are seeking the same thing at heart. "Esau with his brute force," writes Fineman, "Laban with his selfish exploitations, and I, myself (Jacob), with my eager and cunning mind, were moved by the same profound and urgent need to overcome that gnawing sense of insecurity we all suffer . . ." But this conclusion does not weaken his message to his son, Joseph, that men of good will must use their brains and their wits, and, as Jacob continues, "gird up their loins for hateful war as long as we are surrounded by the Esaus and until we have achieved of our kind not

merely one nation but a company of nations."

In his closing paragraph, Jacob exhorts his son to pick up the narrative from the point at which his (Jacob's) destiny has been fulfilled and to interpret it, actively, in such a way, as to bring the greatest good to the greatest number. He says, "So now you, my son, can take up this story, finding in it your own meaning—and adding to it from the store of your own memory for the good of the Jacobs among your own sons—for those men of sensibility and good will whom you will, with love, I trust, bring forth to take up in turn this progress which is our life and to which I here leave you without fear or regret."

"Jacob" is a profoundly stirring book, masterful in its portrait of a man who is timeless. It is subtle, wise, and sad at intervals. It is beautiful and poignant. Jacob is human and full-dimensional in his capacity as thinker, doer, lover and husband. The reader will enjoy this work as a superior piece of literature, with the interest and charm of an unknown tale.

* * *

Irving Fineman began his professional career not as a writer but as an engineer and a teacher of engineering. He was born and educated in New York City, studied engineering at both Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. For five years, during and after the last war, he was an engineer officer in the U. S. Navy. He has also served on the faculty of Bennington College in Vermont.

It was during his occupation with science that he wrote his first book, "This Pure Young Man," which won him the Longmans, Green Prize. Three more novels followed, "Lovers Must Learn," "Hear, Ye Sons," and "Doctor Addams." With the last work he attained his majority as a novelist.

Mr. Fineman is married, and lives on a farm in Vermont.

"Zichronotai,"

E. W. Lewin Epstein

Published in Tel Aviv

Reviewed by Dr. Israel H. Levinthal

THESE are many in our community who still remember Mr. Lewin Epstein, one of the most picturesque and interesting figures in modern Jewish life, who for some time graced our immediate neighborhood with his presence. In the latter years of his life, he began to write his

memoirs, which he did not live to see in print. They have now been published after his death, under the title of *Zichronotai*.

It is a fascinating tale of a fascinating life. It begins with a description of life in the city in which he was born in 1863, Wilkovich, and that description in itself would have made the volume worth while. The graphic picture of his student days in the famous city of Volozhin, of the celebrated Rabbis and preachers of those days, and of his own parents' home, hold the reader's complete attention.

But the greatest value of the book is the story it tells of the early days of the *Chibat Zion* movement, of his own part in that epic of Palestine regeneration, and above all, of the role he played in the founding and in the development of one of the first Zionist colonies in Palestine, Rehoboth. It is a chapter of Zionist history that every lover of the renaissance Palestine will delight to read.

Each chapter of the book reveals the rich experiences and the manifold activities of this very loveable Jewish personality. The memoirs are told in a fine classic Hebrew style which will be admired by all students and lovers of our sacred language.

"The Rabbi and His Early Ministry"
By Abraham J. Feldman

Bloch Publishing Company, N. Y.

Rabbi Feldman, who is one of the outstanding Jewish ministers in America, gives in this volume, out of the richness of his experiences, a lesson in practical rabbinics that it would be well for every rabbi to take to heart. The title of the book is the general theme of a series of lectures that he delivered before the faculty and the students of the Hebrew Union College, in Cincinnati. Many a failure marked the early career of rabbis because of a lack of understanding of the practical problems that faced them, and for which they were altogether unprepared. The advice that Rabbi Feldman offers can be taken with advantage by rabbis of all schools of thought—Reform, Orthodox or Conservative alike.

The volume makes excellent reading because of the lucidity of its style, because of the author's understanding of human nature, and, above all, because of the many appropriate rabbinic quotations and allusions with which it is studded.

Rabbi Feldman is to be congratulated

on having put into permanent form this splendid analysis of the practical problems that face every rabbi in the early years of his career. Not only rabbis but intelligent laymen as well, will find this book interesting and fascinating reading.

"Amenu" by Zvi Scharfstein
Published by Shilo, New York

There are few men interested in Jewish education who have so enriched that field as has Prof. Scharfstein. He not only possesses a knowledge of all the old methods and techniques of Hebrew study, but has mastered all the modern theories as well. In addition to his theoretical knowledge, he has the advantage of observing the practice of many of these theories. Every work that he produces shows the results of his extensive pedagogic knowledge and the fullness of his experience.

The present volume is a continuation of his previously published two text-books, and is therefore intended for third or fourth year students of Hebrew. It has a novel approach and method. It aims to teach the language, but at the same time to acquaint the student with the Jewish way of life, the Jewish ideals of life. And so the student obtains a conception of the place that learning, charity and kindness, and family ideals hold in Jewish life. He thus acquires an appreciation of those norms of living which were in vogue through all Jewish existence. There are other novel pedagogic innovations in this work which should make this volume most useful not only to our Hebrew Schools but for Adult study as well.

"Yehuda Halevi—His Life and Work," by David Druck

Bloch Publishing Company, N. Y.

David Druck, who is well known as a Jewish journalist, has enriched Yiddish literature with his scholarly, yet popular, contributions. The present volume is an English translation of an excellent presentation by Mr. Druck of the life, the times and the achievements of that gifted son of Israel, the poet and philosopher, R. Yehuda Halevi. He gives us a vivid portrayal of the Golden Era in Spain, when a galaxy of stars appeared upon the Jewish horizon to illumine every avenue of intellectual endeavor. He traces the many episodes of Halevi's life in dramatic fashion, and uses excellent extracts from his poems, ren-

dered into beautiful English by Emma Lazarus, Nina Solomon and others. The book is translated by Mr. Z. R. Frank, and it does credit to the translator that it retains the beauty and the interest of the original.

—I. H. L.

"Hebrew in American Higher Education," by Abraham I. Katsh
New York University Bookstore
Reviewed by Mordecai H. Lewittes

Dr. Katsh has rendered a distinct service by making an extensive survey of the status of the Hebrew language in American higher education. The extent to which Hebrew is taught throughout the country comes as a pleasant surprise. Many of our leading American universities offer courses in Hebrew as part of their curriculum.

Dr. Katsh precedes his statistical study with an analysis of the influence of Hebrew literature on American life. He quotes the well-known statement, "Hebraic mortar cemented the foundation of American democracy." Hebrew thought has inspired the ideals if not the forms of American democracy. The Puritan settlers were directly influenced by their study of the Bible to strive for a life of righteousness and justice. The example of the ancient Israelites gave them the courage and determination to overcome the rigors and hardships of the wilderness.

In their struggle for liberty the founders of our country drew inspiration and encouragement from the Bible. Of interest in this connection, is the seal for the United States proposed by Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson. The design portrayed Pharaoh in an open chariot passing through the waters of the Red Sea in pursuit of the Israelites; Moses, with rays of light projecting from his forehead, stands on the opposite shore and beckons with his staff to the waters of the Red Sea to overwhelm the pursuer. The legend on the seal read, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." On the Liberty Bell were inscribed the words from Leviticus, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

Hebrew was taught in the early American universities from the moment they were founded. At Harvard, students were required to spend three years studying Hebrew and allied languages. The principal text was the Old Testament, and a number of sev-

enteenth century copies with student's inscriptions are still extant. The first grammar text used was called *The Hebrew Sun-Dial*; it derived its name from its claim that the elements of Hebrew could be taught in twenty-four hours. At Yale, Hebrew studies were encouraged by Ezra Stiles, ardent Hebraist and President of the college. At first Hebrew was compulsory; later when it was made voluntary, Stiles records, twenty-two out of thirty-nine freshmen elected the course. In 1781, President Stiles delivered the commencement address in Hebrew, taking as his text a verse from the Book of Ezra. The Yale seal is in Hebrew characters. It represents the *Urim* and *Thummim*, symbolic of light and truth, worn by the ancient High Priest.

A section of "Hebrew In American Colleges" that will prove of especial interest traces the influence of the Bible, not only on English and American literature, but on the vernacular as well. Phrases originating in the Bible include such well known ones as: apple of his eye, drop in the bucket, a man after his own heart, skin of my teeth.

Hundreds of English words are derived from Hebrew. Among them are: alphabet, asphalt, babel, cotton, gauze, lamp, sack, cane, cinnamon.

The American settlers liked to call their children by Biblical names. Our country is dotted with cities and villages whose names are derived from the Scriptures. Dozens of states have places called Eden, Bethel, Jordan, Lebanon and dBethleheni. The author notes, too, a number of popular plays and books whose names are of Biblical origin. He lists, for example: "Days of Our Years," "A Peculiar Treasure," "Little Foxes," "My Son, My Son."

The major part of the book is devoted to a statistical study of Hebrew in the colleges and universities. Dr. Katsh sent questionnaires to over 1,000 colleges, graduate and professional schools listed by the United States office of education. Of these about half replied. 149 schools stated that Hebrew is offered as part of the curriculum. This number is quite high and goes far beyond the estimates generally made before Dr. Katsh's report was completed. Since fully half of the schools did not reply to the questionnaire, it is safe to assume that many more colleges offer instruction in Hebrew. Dr. Katsh estimates that 20 per cent of American colleges, or

about 240, offer instruction in Hebrew.

Although, as one might well suspect, theological schools predominate among the institutions of higher learning offering Hebrew, there are many colleges of Liberal Arts and graduate schools that include Hebrew in their curriculum. Among the famous Eastern universities and colleges where Hebrew is taught are Boston, Brown, Bucknell, Buffalo, Harvard, Maine, Radcliffe, Smith, Temple, Pennsylvania, Wellesley and Yale. In New York City there are Brooklyn, Columbia, Hunter, New York University and Yeshiva College. Hunter College has just initiated a course in Hebrew, beginning with the current semester. Unfortunately, the innovation was opposed by a number of Jewish members of the faculty; the introduction of the course is solely due to the sympathetic interest of the President, Dr. George Shuster, who induced the Board of Higher Education to overrule a negative vote on the part of the Hunter faculty.

In the South there are Duke, Johns Hopkins, Louisiana State, Southern Methodist, Texas Christian and the University of Chattanooga. In the Middle West we find Butler, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Dubuque, Iowa, Michigan, Obelin and Wisconsin, and in the Far West, Denver, Gonzaga, Pacific Union, Stanford, Union and Washington.

It is of interest to compare Dr. Katsh's findings with the results of a survey published in the American Jewish Year Book for 1917-1918. Fifty-five schools are listed there as offering instruction in Hebrew. Thus it is clear that the study of Hebrew in American higher education has gained tremendously in popularity in the past twenty-five years. A number of the schools that taught Hebrew in 1917, such as Colgate, Cornell, Rutgers, Tufts and Tulane have since dropped the subject.

What is the content of the Hebrew courses taught in college? The emphasis is usually on the Bible. The elementary course generally consists of a grammar text which will enable the student to read the Old Testament in the original. Advanced courses lay stress on the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, on the Book of Psalms and on Biblical poetry and wisdom literature. The Bible is taught in English, of course, in almost every college in the country. A number of colleges include courses in post-Bibli-

cal Hebrew. The course in advanced Hebrew at the University of Alabama is described as follows in the university catalogue: This course will consist of extensive readings in the Bible (t'nact) in Hebrew, supplemented by a more detailed study of Hebrew Grammar (dikduk) by the inductive method. Exercises in conversational Hebrew and, if the progress of the group warrants this, simple passages of the Mishna, Talmuds and Rashi (exegesis) will also be included.

Of late, the Palestinian influence has begun to make itself felt, and colleges are beginning to teach Hebrew as a modern rather than as an ancient tongue, with an emphasis on modern Hebrew literature. This is true of Boston University, Buffalo University, Columbia University, Hunter College, New York University and the University of Pennsylvania. The outstanding example in the country of a strong interest in modern Hebrew literature is Brooklyn College, where hundreds of students flock to study, in addition to the Bible, the stories of Frischmann, Perez and Steinberg, the essays of Achad Haam, and the poems of Bialik and Tchernichovsky.

In view of the growth of Hebrew in the secondary schools, the author includes data about colleges accepting Hebrew for entrance credit. All local colleges now accept Hebrew as fulfilling the language entrance requirement. The majority of schools throughout the country also accept Hebrew; many have no definite ruling on the subject, since no applicants have as yet presented Hebrew.

As one reads Dr. Katsh's study a number of suggestions come to mind. The format leaves much to be desired. The author is unnecessarily fond of footnotes; many might have well been woven into the text, others should have been relegated to a bibliographical note in the rear of the book. Dr. Katsh might have included in his questionnaire, a query relating to the number of students of Hebrew registered in each school. In many cases where a college did not return the questionnaire, the author might have secured the desired information by consulting the school catalogue.

Nonetheless, the study is of great value. For the first time we have a fairly adequate conception of the status of Hebrew in American higher education. Hebrew has had a long and fruitful career in the colleges of the United States. But it has not yet

Continued on page 23

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH

By LESTER LYONS

OVER \$7,500,000 was spent in Palestine, during the eleven month period ending September 1, 1941, by the national funds supported by the Jews in America. This money went to strengthen Jewish settlements in Palestine, to make possible the immigration of additional refugees, and to sustain the morale of the Jewish community. During this period nearly 1,000 Jews, half of whom were refugees without certificates, entered Palestine. The present Jewish population of that country is now 550,000. Nearly \$5,000,000 of these expenditures were for colonization and the acquisition of land, over \$800,000 for the promotion of education and culture and Youth Aliyah, \$200,000 for relief, \$317,000 for labor and housing, and \$360,000 for the stimulation of trade and industry. There are now 257 Jewish agricultural settlements in Palestine, of which 120 were founded on the land of the Jewish National Fund. Over 142,000 Jews in Palestine gain their livelihood from the soil directly or indirectly. The Jewish Agency and the Jewish National Fund have intensified agricultural production for military and civilian purposes as a result of which there has been an increase in the number of agricultural laborers employed. These facts concerning the development of Palestine and the expenditures made there appear in a recent report issued by the United Palestine Appeal.

A proposal that a Jewish army be formed in Palestine as "part of the world front that the forces of freedom are maintaining against the aggressor" was made by Senator Alben W. Barkley, majority leader of the Senate, at a mass meeting of Zionist organizations in Carnegie Hall. At this meeting, which marked the 24th anniversary of the issuance of the Balfour Declaration, Senator Barkley urged the full establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine "when the time comes for the building up of a new world." The Senator said that he spoke as one of 68 Senators who recently accepted membership on the American Palestine Committee, which is endeavoring to promote a Jewish homeland in Palestine. Sir Norman Angell, English winner of the Nobel

Peace Prize in 1933, said to the large assemblage that most Englishmen felt "a deep sense of apology" about the failure of the British Government to fulfill the Balfour Declaration. He said that most of the difficulties in Palestine were attributable to the appeasement policy of previous British administrations. A statement was issued by Senator Robert F. Wagner,

JEW CONSPIRE TO FORCE WORLD TO EAT WHITE BREAD—NAZIS

The Nazis attribute the invention of white bread to the Jews. The baking of such bread is said by a Nazi broadcaster to have been promoted by Jews "both for speculative reasons and also for the purpose of undermining the health of the German people. Before the Jews settled in Germany the people generally ate whole wheat bread."

Chairman of the American Palestine Committee, which declared that "there should be no whittling down of the Jewish home at this time" and that if a lasting and equitable peace is to be obtained after the war "the Jewish national home in Palestine shall be an important and integral part of the new world order."

All war emergency food, medical supplies and clothing to be sent in the future by Hadassah, the Women's Zionist Organization of America, to its hospitals, child welfare and social service institutions in Palestine will be shipped without any charge. Free shipping has been provided by the British War Relief Society, Inc. through the British Ministry of War Transport.

The International Ladies Garment Workers Union has contributed \$20,000 to the Hebrew Sheltering & Immigrant Aid for its "Rescue through Emigration" service in this country and abroad during the coming year.

The Independent Order B'rith Abraham has donated \$12,500 to the Jewish Section of the Interfaith Com-

mittee for Aid to the Democracies, to be used for additional nursing homes in England for children wounded and left orphans by air raids.

The Jewish Board of Deputies in London is seeking to raise a fund of \$500,000 for the religious welfare of the evacuated Jewish children. 20,000 of these children are from the London area. 100 teachers, who are either stationed in large centers or are touring the countryside, are at present engaged in instructing these children.

A Jewish chaplain has been appointed to be in charge of religious activities among the Jews serving with the Free French forces in London. All the "free" or exiled government armies now have Jewish chaplains. The Czech, Dutch and Polish forces in Britain have their own chaplains who cooperate with the superior Jewish chaplain of the British forces.

Efforts are being made by the World Jewish Congress to arrive at an arrangement with the Soviet government whereby aid may be given to thousands of Jewish refugees now in Russia. A representative of the British Section of the Congress is at present discussing this problem in Moscow with the Russian government and with representatives of the Polish government.

An Inter-American Jewish Conference the principal purpose of which is to enable the Jews of countries in this hemisphere to achieve effective cooperation in matters affecting Jewish life here and abroad, is to be held in Baltimore at the end of this month.

IT'S OKAY TO SPEAK WITH YOUR HANDS

Self-conscious Jews who desire to gesticulate when talking need have no inhibitions. Science has come to their rescue. A learned pronouncement has been made by Dr. David Efron of Sarah Lawrence College to the effect that "if you wave your hands while talking, that gesture is not a token of Jewishness."

Jewish communities in 16 South American countries, besides the United States, Canada and Mexico, will be represented at the conference. The State Department of this country as well as the various South American governments, has approved of such a conference.

At its annual general conference at Pittsburgh, the American Unitarian Association unanimously adopted a resolution condemning anti-Semitism. This Association is one of the leading liberal Protestant church bodies in America.

A third assurance has been given by General Charles de Gaulle, head of the Free French government, confirming the intention of his government to restore all rights to Jews at the end of the war. Sent on the 150th anniversary of the emancipation of the Jews in France, the communication of General de Gaulle states that the decree of emancipation is still in force and cannot be abrogated by the men of Vichy. The intention is expressed to restore the equality of all citizens throughout French territory.

A recent Gallup poll of American public opinion discloses the belief that Jews occupy the fifth place among the groups who are interested in America's entering the war. The interested groups are listed in the following order: 1. The Administration and the Democratic Party; 2. Big Business and profiteers; 3. British organizations; 4. Americans with British sympathies; and 5. Jews.

The week of November 23 has been set aside as National Jewish Book Week throughout the country. Observance of this week is intended to stress Jewish cultural values and also revitalize the belief that the pen is mightier than the sword. The setting aside of the week was sponsored by a national committee representing institutions of higher Jewish learning, Jewish educators and prominent communal leaders working in cooperation with Jewish community centers, synagogues and schools.

A temple in Cleveland which formerly had Sunday morning services has now instituted Friday evening services instead. The Rabbi of the temple said that the change was made because "our people feel that in this

time there is a definite return to religion and that there should likewise be a turning back to fine old traditions of the Jewish faith. They believe the change made by reform congregations many years ago to a Sunday morning service was a demolition of old Jewish customs."

Thousands of Jews in Berlin have been evicted from their homes into wooden huts outside the city. Besides

THE BACON QUESTION AMICABLY SETTLED IN ENGLAND

Orthodox Jews in England who have received bacon coupons will be permitted to exchange such coupons for kosher products. The action of the British Food Ministry in permitting the Jews to increase their kosher rations by this means is part of a policy to meet the needs of all sections of the population. Churches have been providing space for Hebrew schools and kosher canteens in their halls and vestries.

severely restricting the movements of the Jews in the streets of that city, the police have distributed pamphlets to thousands of Germans urging them not to give any assistance to Jews. The pamphlets state: "Remember what the Jew has done to our people. Every Jew is your enemy. Every German who aids a Jew for reasons of false sentiment — even by only showing a friendly attitude toward Jews — commits treason against his own people." * * * Over 200 Jews have committed suicide in Berlin since the issuance of the decree requiring the Jews to wear the yellow star of David on their coats.

Severe measures against the Jews as well as against "certain Czech circles who have been ostentatiously friendly to the Jews," have been promulgated in the Bohemian protectorate by Reinhard Heydrick, the Deputy Gestapo leader and new German protector for Bohemia-Moravia. The measures require all Jews to wear the yellow star of David on their clothing and prohibit the using of any synagogues. Non-Jews are forbidden to carry on conversations with Jews.

A fascist organ in Italy urges that all Italian Jews, including those who have received preferential treatment

under the anti-Jewish laws, should be "annihilated as a danger to the internal front." . . . During the past three years nearly 26,000 Jews were banished from Italy.

The Roumanian government has required the Jews of Bessarabia and Bukovina to move into a ghetto in the neighborhood of the Boog River in the Russian Ukraine. This change involves a transfer of Jews to areas more than 100 miles from their present homes.

Because the prisons in Paris are overcrowded thousands of Jews placed under arrest by the Nazis have been confined to their own homes. Many Jewish workers, particularly mechanics and smiths, have been ordered by the Nazis to report for work in Germany.

A Nazi paper reports that all Jews in the former Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, except a few who were unable to travel because of illness or age, have been transported to the East, apparently to Poland.

German air raids have caused over \$4,000,000 damage to synagogues in England. Many synagogues in coastal cities, including some which had been established centuries ago when Jews first settled in that country, have been destroyed. The government has expressed its interest in the restoration of Jewish communal life after the war.

A program to unify the citizens in Georgia against any attempt to fer-

MARKED TO FACILITATE DESTRUCTION

All letters mailed by Jews in Slovakia are now required to bear the star of David and the sender's name. The police have been given authority to confiscate all Jewish letters.

ment religious bigotry has just been completed under the sponsorship of a group of Georgia leaders and the National Conference of Christians and Jews, in cooperation with the Catholic Committee of the South. Prominent Protestant, Catholic and Jewish communal leaders spent a week visiting eighteen universities and colleges in that state warning the students that religious or racial prejudice is a "social disease."

BROOKLYN JEWISH CENTER ACTIVITIES

Rabbi Lewittes to Preach This Friday Night

This Friday evening, November 21 at 8:30 o'clock, the sermon will be preached by Rabbi Mordecai H. Lewittes who is well known to our Center members for the fine work he is doing as head of our Sunday School, the Children's Congregation and the Youth Activities. Rabbi Lewittes will preach on the interesting subject: "The Road to Emancipation."

Advance Notice

On Friday, November 28th, at 8:30 o'clock, Rabbi Levinthal will preach on the subject, "The Jews in France 150 Years Ago and the Jews of France Today."

This sermon will commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Decree of Jewish Emancipation by the National Assembly of France in 1791.

Institute of Jewish Studies For Adults

The Institute of Jewish Studies for Adults has opened with a large registration, and meets on Tuesday evenings and on Wednesday mornings. The Hebrew groups hold class on Thursday evening at 8 and 9 o'clock. On Tuesday evenings, courses in Jewish History, Jewish Religion and Talmud are given. The special women's classes in Jewish Religion and Jewish History meet on Wednesday mornings at 10 and 11 o'clock. Those who have not yet enrolled may do so the coming week.

Samuel Lemberg Again Heads Metropolitan Concert Committee

Mr. Samuel Lemberg who so successfully headed the committee in charge of the Metropolitan Opera Concert last year, has again consented to serve as the chairman of the committee. This year's concert will be held on Sunday evening, December 14th.

The other officers of the committee are: Isidor Fine, Moses Ginsberg, Hon. Emanuel Greenberg, Mrs. Isidor Lowenfeld, Co-Chairmen; Hyman Aaron, David Goodstein, Aaron Gottlieb, Samuel Greenblatt, Joseph M. Schwartz, Morty Silverstein, Sol Sussman, Vice-Chairmen. Maurice Bernhardt, Treasurer.

The committee in charge of the distribution of tickets consists of: Maurice Bernhardt, Aaron Gottlieb, Hon. Emanuel Greenberg, Mrs. Isidor Lowenfeld and Mrs. Albert Witty.

Kol Nidre Pledges

The list of contributions received in answer to our appeal made at the Kol Nidre services will be published in the December issue of the *Review*.

We appeal to all those who have pledged to this fund to please send in their checks as soon as possible so that we may have their names included.

Sisterhood Board Meeting On November 24th

A meeting of the Board of Directors of our Sisterhood will be held on its regular meeting date, this Monday, November 24th at 1:30 o'clock. All members of the Board are requested to please attend.

Forum Committee Meeting Monday

An important meeting of the Forum Committee will be held next Monday evening, November 24th, promptly at 7:30 o'clock. Members of the committee are requested to please be on time.

P.T.A. Meeting Tuesday

There will be a meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association of the Hebrew and Sunday Schools on Tuesday evening, November 25th at 8:30 o'clock. All parents are asked to please attend.

Class in Talmud

Mr. Jacob S. Doner, member of our Governing Board, conducts a class in Talmud every Wednesday evening at 8:30 o'clock in the Prayer Room.

Junior Club Meetings

The Center Clubs have resumed their activities. The clubs are free to children of Center members and to students of the Center Academy, Hebrew School and Sunday School. The following clubs have been organized for the current season:

Junior League — Young men and women of college age. Meets every Thursday night.

Inta-League—Boys up to 18; girls up to 17. Meets every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.

Shomrim—Boys up to 16. Athletic, social and cultural. Meets Saturday night at 7:45 o'clock.

Center Girls—(up to 15). Social and cultural. Meets Saturday night.

Tsofim—Boys from 13-14½. Athletic and cultural. Meets every Saturday night at 7:30 o'clock.

Maccabees — Boys up to 13. Athletic, cultural, games. Meets Saturday night 6:15 o'clock.

Vivalets—Girls up to 13. Arts and crafts, social, cultural. Meets Saturday night at 6:30 o'clock.

Candle-Lites—Girls up to 11. Arts and crafts, games. Meets every Saturday night at 6:30 o'clock.

The clubs are under the direction of expert leaders.

Sabbath Services

Kindling of candles at 4:17 o'clock. Friday evening services at 4:15.

Sabbath services, Parsha Toledot, will commence at 8:45 A.M.

Rabbi Levinthal will preach on the weekly portion of the law.

Class in Yaakov by Mr. Benjamin Hirsh at 3:15 p.m.

Mincha services at 4:15.

Daily Services

Morning services at 7 and 8

Sunday morning additional service at 9:00.

Mincha services at 4:20.

AN IDEAL CHANUKAH GIFT

Give your family and friends a copy of

"JUDAISM — AN ANALYSIS AND INTERPRETATION"

By Rabbi Levinthal

What Ludwig Lewisohn says: "This volume seems to me the best and most lucid brief and popular expression of Judaism that I know in any language."

What John Haynes Holmes says: "As a Gentile, I can testify that this is a most valuable book for the gentile reader, the best with which I chance to be familiar."

Copies may be ordered at the information desk of the Center. Price, \$2.50

Seminary Jewish Museum Open to Public

The Museum of Jewish Ceremonial and Historical objects of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, Broadway and 122nd Street, New York City, extends a cordial invitation to all interested persons to visit the Museum. The Museum is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day except Friday and Saturday. The Museum collection of the Danzig Jewish Community, which arrived in America one week before the Nazi invasion of Danzig, may be viewed on Mondays from 3 to 5 p.m. by special appointment.

The Museum is the largest collection of its kind in the world at the present time. Special exhibits are arranged during the year in connection with Jewish holidays, and other historical anniversaries. Dr. Paul Romanoff, the curator of the Museum, will be glad to explain to visitors the many treasures that are exhibited.

Notice of Unveiling

A monument will be unveiled in memory of the late Mrs. Sarah Diamond, daughter of Mr. Jacob Korn, on Sunday afternoon, November 23, 1 o'clock at the Beth David Cemetery.

Congratulations

We extend our best wishes to the following:

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Albert of 1307 President Street on the marriage of their son Philip J., to Miss Karol Alpern on November 25th.

Mr. Jos. Lapidus of 672 Eastern Parkway on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Florence Meisel on November 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Wiener of 68 Sterling Street on the birth of a girl to their children, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Marvin on November 14th.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of George S. Greene, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Greene of 408 Crown Street and grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seinfeld, to Miss Ruth Levy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Levy of 406 Crown St. and granddaughter of Mrs. Mary Duberstein of the same address. Congratulations and best wishes to the young couple, the parents and the grandmother.

Are You Reserving Sunday Evening December 14 ?

This is the date of the Center's Gala Concert at the Metropolitan Opera House. Excerpts from the operas in costume, the greatest singers, the ballet, the marvellous orchestra — You will never find so many musical attractions concentrated in one evening.

Acknowledgment of Gifts

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of books from the following:

Dr. I. H. Levinthal
Ina Klein
Leatrice Sunshine

Motion Picture "The Promised Land" to be Shown Tuesday

The newest motion picture of Palestine, "The Promised Land," will be shown in the dining room of our building next Tuesday evening, November 25th, at 8:30 o'clock. The meeting is arranged under the auspices of the Eastern Parkway Zionist District and all members of the Center are hereby cordially invited to attend.

Rabbi Levinthal's Book in Third Printing

We are happy to announce that Rabbi Levinthal's book of sermons "Steering or Drifting—Which?" has now appeared in the third printing. As far as we know, this is the first volume of sermons by a rabbi which has achieved a third edition.

Newly Acquired Books

That Day Alone—Van Paasen
Scum of the Earth—A. Koestler
Brazil—S. Zweig
This Above All—Knight
Reveille in Washington—M. Leech
Jacob—I. Fineman
Let Laughter Ring — F. Mendelsohn
Shehitah—J. J. Berman

Red Cross Roll Call

The Red Cross Roll Call is now in full swing. You have received your membership card. Please send your subscription to Mrs. Albert Witty, 240 Crown Street.

Personals

Samuel D. Pasner will be heard on WNYC on November 21st at 3:55 P.M. in a broadcast on behalf of the Brooklyn Chapter of the American Red Cross.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP

The following have applied for membership in the Brooklyn Jewish Center:

- Berg, Irving
Transportation Unmarried
Res. 933 Hutchinson Court
Bus. 516 W. 55th St.
Proposed by Abe Zucker and Harry Zucker
- Bernstein, H. Zachary
Customs Broker Married
Res. 359 Lenox Road
Bus. 38 Pearl St.
Proposed by Benj. Markowe
- Bloom, Dr. Chas. J.
Dentist Married
Res. 201 Linden Blvd.
Bus. 409 Fulton St.
Proposed by Benj. H. Wisner
- Brodie, Frank
Dairy Products Married
Res. 295 Montgomery St.
Bus. 773 Stone Ave.
Proposed by Samuel Nicoll
- Brown, David
Teacher Married
Res. 511 Crown St.
Bus. Thomas Jefferson H. S.
Proposed by Samuel Levine
- Canki, Joseph
Underwear Unmarried
Res. 682 Williams Ave.
Bus. 596 Broadway
Proposed by Benj. Martz
- Dorfman, Miss Sophie
Res. 660 Howard Ave.
Proposed by Abe Zucker and Harry Zucker
- Dorfman, Sam H.
Veterinarian Unmarried
Res. 660 Howard Ave.
Bus. Dept. of Agriculture
Proposed by Abe Zucker and Harry Zucker
- Dubrow, B.
Restaurant Married
Res. 706 Eastern Pkwy.
Bus. 1110 Eastern Pkwy.
Proposed by Morton Klinghoffer and George F. Dubrow
- Feinberg, Miss Ruth
Res. 499 De Kalb Ave.
Proposed by Irving Koenig
- Feit, Philip
Dresses Unmarried
Res. 1787 Union St.
Bus. 101 W. 37th St.
Proposed by Moe Goldstein
- Frank, Miss Minna
Res. 968 St. Johns Place
Proposed by Mrs. S. Fleischman
- Frey, David
C.P.A. Married
Res. 919 Park Place
Bus. 92 Liberty St.
Proposed by David Halpern
- Gillis, Miss Dorothy
Res. 960 Sterling Place
- Gold, Jules W.
Unmarried
Res. 202 Rogers Ave.
Proposed by Sidney A. Gold
- Goldberg, Joseph
Candy Married
Res. 263 Eastern Pkwy.
Bus. 196 Rogers Ave.
Proposed by Alex Bernstein
- Gould, Sidney
Accountant Married
Res. 41 Eastern Pkwy.
Bus. N. Y. Life Bldg.
Proposed by Samuel Greenblatt
- Green, Leo
Food Products Married
Res. 20 Plaza St.
Bus. Joralemon St.
Proposed by Chas. Dilbert
- Halperin, Morton
Real Estate Married
Res. 789 St. Marks Ave.
Bus. Same
Proposed by Louis Halperin
- Halpern, Miss Selma
Res. 1651 Carroll St.
- Heimowitz, Joseph
C.P.A. Married
Res. 410 Crown St.
Bus. 11 W. 42nd St.
Proposed by Abraham Katlowitz
- Jacobs, Maxwell A.
Unmarried
Res. 37 Dover St.
Proposed by Nathan Rothstein
- Kast, Miss Rose
Res. 842 Classon Ave.
Proposed by Jacob S. Doner
- Klinger, Henry
Movies Married
Res. 751 St. Marks Ave.
Bus. RCA Building
Proposed by Henry H. Gross
- Kramer, Irving
Druggist Married
Res. 1087 Carroll St.
Bus. 540 Eastern Pkwy.
Proposed by Ira T. Kraner and Joseph M. Schwartz
- Lachter, Lobel
Married
Res. 288 Albany Ave.
Bus. 93 Nassau St.
Proposed by Mrs. Kalman I. Ostow

- Levy, Miss Marian
Res. 890 Brooklyn Ave.
Proposed by Anne Winicker and Ruth Eisenstat
- Miller, Miss Dorothy
Res. 1651 Carroll St.
- Myron, Jack
Buyer Married
Res. 150 Crown St.
Bus. Saks Fifth Ave.
Proposed by Samuel Lemberg
- Parnes, Miss Gertrude
Res. 374 Eastern Pkwy.
Proposed by Alex Bernstein
- Passof, Miss Nettie
Res. 135 Eastern Pkwy.
Proposed by Jack Passof
- Platt, Miss Hannah
Res. 987 Montgomery St.
Proposed by Dr. Harry Katz
- Premisler, Henry
Insurance Unmarried
Res. 424A Hart St.
Bus. 2 Lafayette St.
Proposed by Irving Kemp and Moe Goldstein
- Reisler, Arnold
Banking Married
Res. 1154 Eastern Pkwy.
Bus. 89 Osborn St.
Proposed by M. Jay Bronstein
- Rous, Ben
Paper Married
Res. 25 Parade Place
Bus. 622 W. 57th St.
Proposed by Samuel Lemberg
- Sachs, Julius
Unmarried
Res. 714 Avenue T
Bus. War Department
Proposed by Moe Goldstein and Irving Kemp
- Salomon, Herman
Foods Married
Res. 374 Eastern Pkwy.
Bus. 138 Broad St.
Proposed by S. Racer
- Shopoff, Frederick
Plate Glass Married
Res. 751 St. Marks Ave.
Bus. 2695 Atlantic Ave.
Proposed by Henry H. Gross
- Siegel, Harry
Malts Married
Res. 201 Eastern Pkwy.
Bus. 117 Liberty St.
Proposed by Herman Lambert
- Siegel, Claire
Res. 960 Sterling Place
- Stark, Abe
Clothing Married
Res. 97 Brooklyn Ave.
Bus. 1514 Pitkin Ave.
Proposed by Mr. & Mrs. I. Lowenfeld

Starr, Miss Betty
Res. 214 Rockaway Pkwy.

Sussman, Bernard
Clothing Married
Res. 706 Eastern Pkwy.
Proposed by Samuel Stark

Sutton, Mrs. Eva
Res. 715 St. Marks Ave.
Proposed by Joseph Goldstein

Teitelbaum, Miss Mimi
Res. 44A Hampton Place
*Proposed by Mr. and Mrs.
Louis J. Roth*

Tracht, Miss Shirley
Res. 55 Linden Blvd.
*Proposed by Dr. Harry Katz
and A. H. Zirn*

Wagner, Samuel
Attorney Unmarried
Res. 376 Crown St.
Bus. 66 Court St.
Proposed by Morris D. Wender

Weinstock, Harold J.
Newspaper Dist. Unmarried
Res. 135 Eastern Pkwy.
Bus. 47 Chrystie St.
*Proposed by A. R. Melker
and Louis Weinstock*

Wendroff, Louis J.
Textiles Married
Res. 565 West End Ave.
Bus. 261 Fifth Ave.
Proposed by Louis Hornick

Wolfe, Edward
Attorney Unmarried

Res. 140 East 57th St.
Bus. 420 Lexington Ave.
*Proposed by Irving B. Loonin
and Dr. David H. Appelman*

The following have applied for re-instatement in the Brooklyn Jewish Center:

Alpert, Hyman
Woolens Unmarried
Res. 672 Crown St.
Proposed by Samuel Lemberg

Alpert, William I.
Attorney Married
Res. 1270 Carroll St.
Bus. 16 Court St.
*Proposed by Samuel Stark
and Morris D. Wender*

Balmuth, Irving I.
Furniture Married
Res. 610 Empire Blvd.
Bus. 17-21 McKibben St.

Beckerman, Bernard
Teacher Married
Res. 751 St. Marks Ave.
Bus. Boys High School
*Proposed by Louis Koch and
Maurice Bernhardt*

Blank, Milton M.
Chemicals Married
Res. 751 Troy Ave.

Dintenfass, Edward
Books Unmarried
Res. 1072 Park Place
Bus. 303 - 5th Ave.
Proposed by Abe Mann

Doblin, Alexander A.
Attorney Unmarried
Res. 742 Montgomery St.
Bus. 1450 Broadway
*Proposed by Dr. Harry Katz
and Dr. Charles Windwer*

Hertzfeld, S.
Dept. Store Married
Res. 463 Crown St.
Bus. 747 Broadway
Proposed by Morton Klinghoffer

Hyman, Leon
Undertaking Married
Res. 440 Lenox Road
Bus. 374 Empire Blvd.
Proposed by Joseph Goldstein

Jacobs, Gerald
Real Estate Unmarried
Res. 1401 Carroll St.
Bus. 33 W. 42nd St.
Proposed by Charles Fine

Manes, Edward
Dairy Married
Res. 918 Montgomery St.
Bus. 773 Stone Ave.
Proposed by Mrs. Samuel Nicoll

Stark, Isidor
Electric Motors Married
Res. 220 E. 18th St.
Bus. 348 Tompkins Ave.
*Proposed by Hyman Aaron
and Joseph Goldberg*

MAURICE BERNHARDT
Chairman Membership Committee

1 IN 5

If only one Center member out of every five brought in a new member the Brooklyn Jewish Center would mount in membership until its scope and influence as a communal institution would be unequalled.

We are in the midst of an important membership campaign. Will you think this over? And get to work as a loyal member of the Brooklyn Jewish Center family? Report to Maurice Bernhardt, Chairman of the Membership Committee.

• Monday Evening Forum Lectures •

Held Every Monday at the Brooklyn Jewish Center Throughout the Season at 8:30 P. M.

December 1st.

November 24th



DOROTHY THOMPSON

Miss Thompson is one of the greatest women of our time. This will be her only Brooklyn lecture this season and will not be broadcast. There is a limited number of tickets left for the reserved seats in the synagogue. The lecture will be amplified by means of our public address system into the auditorium. The price of admission there will be 30c, which includes tax.

Subject:

"OUR WORLD TODAY"

DR. FRANK KINGDON

Former President of the University of Newark; Chairman, N. Y. Division of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies; Chairman, Executive Committee for Refugee Education; Winner of the 1939 gold medal given annually to the American judged to be the outstanding interpreter of humanitarianism and brotherhood.

Dr. Kingdon is an orator of distinction, and regarded as one of America's foremost educators and intellectual leaders.

Subject:

"AMERICA AND THE NEW WORLD ORDER"

December 8th—

DR. A. A. BRILL

Eminent psychologist, psychiatrist, author and translator of Freud.

"THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON THE NATION"

December 15th—

DR. EMIL LENGYEL

Brilliant national news feature writer for the N. Y. *Times* and *Herald-Tribune*; noted lecturer and authority on world affairs, author of "New Deal in Europe," "Dakar," "Hitler," "Millions of Dictators," etc.

December 22nd—

JOHANNES STEEL

Radio commentator, authority on foreign affairs, author of "The Second World War," and other books.

December 29th—

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Distinguished author and critic, noted liberal preacher and clergyman; Minister of the Community Church of New York.

Admission Free to Members: To Non-Members, 30c (including tax)

A GREAT WOMAN VISITS THE CENTER *Continued from page 3*

ever. It was too late to make public an announcement of the change. In introducing Mr. Lewis that evening, the chairman remarked, "Happy is the family in which the husband also can speak, so that he can pinch-hit for his wife in an emergency!"

What an amazing transition from the Dorothy Thompson of 1929, and even that of 1932, to the Dorothy Thompson of 1941!

Today her newspaper column has a reading public of many millions. She is the most sought after woman lecturer in this country. In one year she received more than 7,000 invitations to speak, with offers of fees ranging from \$1,000 to several times that amount for each lecture.

Jews have particular reason to delight in her phenomenal success and the great influence she exerts on the American public. In her abiding faith in the triumph of freedom and democracy, and in her hatred of Hitlerism at home and abroad, she has taken a keen interest in the plight of the Jew and sympathizes warmly with all his hopes and aspirations.

Her first assignment as a newspaperwoman began when she was commissioned to report the London Zionist Conference in 1920. This assignment came unexpectedly. She had been travelling on a boat bound for Europe when she met a group of American Zionist delegates on the way to the conference. Among them was the late Justice Louis D. Brandeis and Justice Felix Frankfurter. She became acquainted with these Jewish leaders, and the Zionist movement fascinated her. Upon reaching London she communicated with the manager of the International News Service and asked to be engaged to cover the Zionist gathering. Asked for her qualifications she replied: "I know more about Zionism than anyone else." She received the assignment and the fee she got was the first she earned as a newspaperwoman.

Miss Thompson's interest in the Zionist movement continues to this day.

When Lindbergh finally showed his anti-Semitic colors with the statement that Jews are war-mongers, Miss Thompson, in her column, proved conclusively that most of the leading interventionists in this country are not Jews. She equally disproved the disproportionate influence of the Jews in the press and the movies.

In the history of our people, Dorothy Thompson will no doubt be remembered as one of the greatest champions of the Jews in an era that is most tragic for them.—J. G.

NEW BOOKS

Continued from page 15

taken its rightful place. Where are the Jewish patrons of learning who endow chairs in science, social science and the humanities? Why not endowments for chairs in Hebrew literature? National organizations might well take it upon themselves to further the cause of Hebrew in the colleges and universities. The study of Hebrew can grow rapidly if the Jewish community takes a sympathetic interest in fostering its growth.

THE TOLERANCE GUY

Continued from page 11

"Guess I'll go for a cop and have him sobered up."

The victim turned to the thin man with the hooked nose and said, "Damn shame what the country's coming to."

The smaller man smiled wanly. "Oh, there aren't too many like that," he said. "Besides, he was stewed. But I am glad you came along when you did."

The big fellow smiled deprecatingly and brushed the back of the thin man's coat. When the latter was fairly presentable, they began to walk north together. The crowd, its work done, just melted away, and the sun sent its rays down on everybody, even the floored drunk.

At the corner of Hackett and Spring the pair discovered that their destinations were now in opposite directions. They shook hands. "I'd like to express my thanks over a drink some day soon," said the man with the slightly hooked nose. "Wish you'd stop in on me the first chance you get."

"Be glad to," said the broadshouldered one. "I'm just passing through, though. Be here a week. Selling trip. House to house. Bernstein's the name."

The thin man chuckled as though at a delicious joke. "McCarthy's my name, pal."

Both men grinned broadly. They exchanged addresses. At the corner of Hackett and Hart a big man sat in the dirt and rubbed his forehead.

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